



THE
HARMONY OF THE CHURCH.

THE
HARMONY OF THE CHURCH

BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON,

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EDITED BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

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PREFACE.

THE following Tract is not included in the Editions of Drayton's Works. The original is a small black-letter quarto.

The Harmony of the Church is nothing more than select portions of Scripture "reduced into sundrie kinds of English meeter"; and, perhaps, exhibits in the versification less of the artist than Drayton's later writings. It has, however, considerable claims to our attention, both as the earliest publication of so celebrated a poet, and as being now reprinted from a copy which is in all probability unique.

A. D.

THE
HARMONIE OF THE CHURCH.

CONTAINING,

THE SPIRITUALL SONGES AND HOLY HYMNES, OF GODLY
MEN, PATRIARKES AND PROPHETES: ALL, SWEETLY
SOUNDING, TO THE PRAISE AND GLORY
OF THE HIGHEST.

NOW (NEWLIE) REDUCED INTO SUNDRIE KINDS OF ENGLISH
MEETER: MEETE TO BE READ OR SONG, FOR THE
SOLACE AND COMFORT OF THE GODLY.

By M. D.

LONDON.

Printed by Richard Jhones, at the Rose and Crowne,
neere Holborne Bridge.

1591.

TO THE GODLY AND VERTUOUS LADY, THE
LADY JANE DEUOREUX, OF MERIUALE.

Good madame, oft imagining with my selfe howe to manifest my well meaning vnto your Ladishippe, and in my loue towards you most vnwilling to bee founde ingratefull, either in the behalfe of my countrie, or the place of my byrth, to the one your godlie life beeing a president of perfect vertue, to the other your bountifull hospitalitie an exceeding releefe :

Then, good Ladie, my selfe, as an admyrer of your manie vertues, and a well-wisher vnto your happie and desired estate, doo here present the frutes of my labours vnto your modest and discreet consideration ; hoping that you will measure them, not by my abilitie, but by their authoritie, not as poems of poets, but praiers of prophets ; and vouchsafe to be their gracious patronesse against any gracelesse parasite ; and endeavour your selfe with this good Debora, Hester, and Iudith (whose songes of praise I here present to your Ladiship) to the aduancing of Gods glorie and the beautifieng of his Church. Thus committing your Ladiship and all your actions to the protection of the Almighty, and my short translation to your curteous censure, I humbly take my leaue. London, this 10. of Feb. 1590.

Your Ladiships to commaund, in all dutifull seruices,

MICHAELL DRAYTON.

TO THE CURTEOUS READER.

GENTLE READER, my meaning is not with the varietie of verse to feede any vaine humour, neither to trouble thee with deuises of mine owne inuention, as carieng an ouerweening of mine owne wit; but here I present thee with these Psalmes or Songes of praise, so exactly translated as the prose would permit, or sence would any way suffer me: which (if thou shalt be the same in hart thou art in name, I mean, a Christian) I doubt not but thou wilt take as great delight in these as in any poetical fiction: I speak not of Mars the god of wars, nor of Venus the goddessse of loue, but of the Lord of Hostes that made heauen and earth; not of toyes in Mount Ida, but of triumphes in Mount Sion; not of vanitie, but of veritie; not of tales, but of truethes.

Thus submitting my selfe vnto thy clemencie, and my labours vnto thy indifferencie, I wish thee as my selfe.

Thine, as his owne,

M. D.

THE SPIRITUALL SONGES AND HOLY HYMNES
CONTAINED IN THIS BOOK.

1. The most notable Song of Moses which he made a litle before his death.
 2. The Song of the Israelites for their deliuerance out of Egypt.
 3. The most excellent Song of Salomon, containing eight Chapters.
 4. The Song of Annah.
 5. The Praier of Jeremiah.
 6. The Song of Deborah and Barach.
 7. A Song of the Faithfull for the mercies of God.
 8. Another Song of the Faithfull.
 9. A Song of thankses to God.
 10. Another Song of the Faithfull.
-

OTHER SONGES AND PRAIERS OUT OF THE
BOOKES OF APOCRIPHA.

11. The Praier of Judith.
12. The Song of Judith.
13. A Praier in Ecclesiasticus of the Author.
14. The Praier of Salomon.
15. A Song of Ihesus the sonne of Sirach.
16. The Praier of Hester.
17. The Praier of Mardocheus.
18. A Praier in the person of the Faithfull.
19. A Praier of Tobias.

FINIS.

THE MOST NOTABLE SONG OF MOSES, CONTAINING GODS BENEFITES
TO HIS PEOPLE, WHICH HE TAUGHT THE CHILDREN OF ISRAELL
A LITTLE BEFORE HIS DEATH, AND COMMANDED THEM TO LEARNE
IT, AND TEACH IT VNTO THEIR CHILDREN, AS A WITNESSE
BETWEENE GOD AND THEM.

Deutronom. Chap. xxxii.

YEE Heauens aboue, vnto my speach attend,
And, Earth below, giue eare vnto my will :
My doctrine shall like pleasant drops descend,
My words like heauenly dew shal down distil,
Like as sweet showers refresh the hearbs again,
Or as the grasse is nourish'd by the raine.

I will describe Iehouahs name aright,
And to that God giue euerlasting praise :
Perfect is he, a God of woondrous might ;
With iudgment he directeth all his waies ;
He onely true, and without sinne to trust ;
Righteous is he, and he is onely iust.

With loathsome sinne now are you all defilde,
Not of his seed, but bastards basely borne ;
And from his mercie therefore quite exilde,
Mischieuous men, through follie all forlorne :
Is it not he which hath you dearly bought,
Proportion'd you, and made you iust of nought ?

Consider well the times and ages past ;
Aske thy forefathers, and they shall thee tell
That when Iehouah did deuide at last
Th' inheritance that to the nations fel,
And seperating Adams heires, he gaue
The portion his Israell should haue.

His people be the portion of the Lord,
Iacob the lot of his inheritance :
In wilderness he hath thee not abhorr'd,
But in wild deserts did thee still aduance ;
He taught thee still, and had a care of thee,
And kept thee as the apple of his eie.

Like as the eagle tricketh vp her neast,
Therein to lay her litle birdes full soft,
And on her backe doth suffer them to rest,
And with her wings doth carie them aloft ;
Euen so the Lord with care hath nourisht thee,
And thou hast had no other God but he :

And great Iehouah giueth vnto thee
The fertilst soyle the earth did euer yeeld,
That thou all pleasure mightst beholde and see,
And tast the fruit of the most pleasant field ;
Honey for thee out of the flint he brought,
And oile out of the craggie rocke he wrought ;

With finest butter still he hath thee fed,
With milke of sheep he hath thee cherished ;

With fat of lambes and rammes in Bazan bred,
With flesh of goates he hath thee nourished ;
 With finest wheat he hath refresht thee still,
 And gaue thee wine, thereof to drink thy fill.

But hee that should be thankfull then for this,
Once waxing fat, began to spurne and kicke :
Thou art so crancke, and such thy grosenesse is,
That now to lust thy prouender doth pricke,
 That he that made thee thou remembrest not,
 And he that sau'd thee thou hast clean forgot.

With idols they offend his gracious eies,
And by their sinne prouoke him vnto yre ;
To deuils they doo offer sacrifice,
Forsake their God, and other goddes desire,
 Gods whose beginnings were but strange and new,
 Whom yet their fathers neuer fear'd nor knew.

He which begat thee is cleane out of mind,
The God which form'd thee thou doost not regard :
The Lord to angre was therewith inclinde,
His sonnes and daughters should him so reward,
 And there he vow'd his chearfull face to hide,
 To see their end and what would them betide :

For faithlesse they and froward are become,
And with no God moue me to ielousie ;
To angre they prouoke me all and some,
And still offend me with their vanitie ;

And with no people I will mooue them then,
And angre them with vaine and foolish men :

For why, my wrath is kindled like the fire,
And shall descend to the infernall lake ;
The earth shall be consumed in mine ire,
My flames shal make the mighty mountains quake ;
With many plagues I wil them stil annoy,
And with mine arrowes I will them destroy ;

With hunger, heat, and with destruction,
I wil them burne, consume, and ouerthrow ;
They shal be meat for beasts to feed vppon,
The ground inuenom'd whereupon they goe ;
In field, in chamber stil my sword shall slay
Man, maid, and child, with him whose head is gray ;

And I will scatter them both far and neare,
And hencefoorth make their memorie to cease,
Saue that the furious enemie I feare,
And that his pride should thereby more increase,
And they should say, and foorth this rumor ring,
That they, and not the Lord, haue done this thing.

They are a nation void of counsell quite,
To vnderstand there doth not one intend ;
But were they wise, in it they would delite,
And would consider of their latter end :
Can one or two put thousands to the flight,
Except the Lord do help them with his might ?

For with our God their gods may not compare,
Our foes themselues will still the same confesse ;
Their vines of Sodome and Gomorra are,
Their grapes of gaule, clusters of bitternesse ;
 Their wine is like to dragons poison sure,
 Or gaule of aspes that no man may endure.

And haue not I laid vp in store this thing ?
Amongst my treasures doo I not it hide ?
The recompence with vengeance wil I bring,
And all in time their foot awry shall slide ;
 For their destruction, loe, is nowe at hand,
 And mischief here euen at their heels doth stand !

For why, the Lord doth iudge the earth alone,
And to his seruants shew himselfe most kinde :
When he shall see their power is past and gone,
And none kept vp in hold nor left behind,
 When men shal say, let vs your goddes behold,—
 Where be they now whom ye so much extold ?

Which oft did eat the fatted sacrifice,
And dranke the wine of the drinke offering ?
Vnto your helpe now let vs see them rise :
Loe, I am God, and there is no such thing !
 I kil, giue life, I wound, make whole againe ;
 Out of my handes no man can ought retaine :

I lift my hands on high to heauen aboue,
Immortall I, and onely liue for euer ;

My glittering sword I sharpe for my behooue,
 In righteous iudgment still I doo perseuer;
 I wil send vengeance on mine enemies,
 And many plagues on them which me dispise:

Mine arrowes then of blood shal haue their fill,
 My sword shal eate the verie flesh of men,
 For such my saintes as they doo slay and kill,
 And for the captiues they imprison then;
 And when I once begin reuenge to take,
 From plague and vengeance then I will not slake.

Ye nations all, honour his people then:
 He will reuenge his seruantes guiltlesse blood,
 And surely plague the vile and wicked men
 Which stoutlie haue against him euer stood;
 He will shew mercie stil vnto his land,
 And on his people brought foorth by his hand.

A SONG OF MOSES AND THE ISRAELITES FOR THEIR DELIUERANCE
 OUT OF EGYPT.

The xv. Chap. of Exodus.

I WILL sing praise vnto the Lord for aie,
 Who hath triumphed gloriously alone;
 The horse and rider he hath ouerthrowen,
 And swallowed vp euen in the raging sea.

He is my strength, he is my song of praise,
He is the God of my saluation ;
A temple will I build to him alone,
I will exalt my fathers God alwaies.

The Lord Iehouah is a man of warre ;
Pharao, his chariots, and his mightie hoste
Were by his hand in the wilde waters lost,
His captaines drowned in Red Sea so farre,

Into the bottom there they sanke like stones,
The mightie depthes our enemies deuour :
Thy owne right hand is gloorious in thy power,
Thy owne right hand hath bruised al their bones ;

And in thy glorie thou subuerted hast
The rebels rising to resist thy power ;
Thou sentst thy wrath which shall them all deuour
Euen as the fire doth the stubble wast ;

And with a blast out of thy nostrilles
The flowing flood stood still as any stone ;
The waters were congealed all in one,
And firme and sure as any rockes or hilles.

The furious foe so vainly vaunteth stil,
And voweth to pursue with endlesse toile,
And not returne til he haue got the spoile ;
With fire and sword they wil destroy and kill :

Thou sentst the wind which ouerwhelm'd them all ;
The surging seas came sousing in againe ;
As in the water, so with might and maine,
Like lead, vnto the bottome downe they fall.

Oh mightie Lord, who may with thee compare ?
Amongst the gods I find none like to thee,
Whose glorie's in holines, whose feares in praises be,
Whose chiefe delights in working woonders are :

Thou stretchest out thy right and holy arme,
And presently the earth did them deuour ;
And thou wilt bring vs by thy mightie power,
As thou hast promist, without further harme :

And for thy people, Lord, thou shalt prouide
A place and seat of quietnesse and rest :
The nations all with feare shall be opprest,
And Palestina quake for all her pride ;

The dukes of Edom shal hang downe the head,
The Moabites shall tremble then for feare,
The Cananites in presence shall appeare,
Like vnto men whose fainting heartes were dead ;

And feare and dread shall fall on them, alas !
Because thou helpest with thy mighty hand ;
So stil as stones amazed they shal stand,
Oh mightie Lord, while thine elect doo passe !

And thou shalt bring thy chosen and elect
Unto the mount of thine inheritance,
A place prepared thy people to aduance ;
A sanctuary there thou shalt erect,

Which thou, oh Lord, establish'd hast therefore,
And there thy name shal raigne for euermore !

THE MOST EXCELLENT SONG, WHICH WAS SALOMONS, WHEREIN
IS DECLARED THE TRUE AND VNFAINED LOUE BETWEENE
CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH, CONTAINING VIII. CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.

LET him imbrace his deare with many a friendly kisse,
For why, thy loue than any wine to me more pleasant is;
In smel thou art most like sweet odors vnto me,
Thy name like precious ointment is, so sweet as sweet
may be ;

Therefore the virgins al of thee enamored are,
Entice me on to follow thee,—loe, we ourselues prepare!
The King hath brought me in to chamber richly dight;
He is my ioy, his loue is sweet, the good in him delight.
Ye daughters of Ierusalem, although that browne I bee,
Than arras rich or cedars fruits I seemlier am to see :
Disdaine me not, although I be not passing faire,
For why, the glowing sunny raies discoloured haue my
laire :

My mothers darlings deare, with enuie swelling so,
Haue me constrain'd to keep their vine, thus I mine
own forgoe.

Tell me, my sweet and deare, where thou thy flocke
doost feed,

Or where thy litle lamblings rest about midday indeed,
Els shall I walke about, all wandring like a stray,
And seeke thee, after other flocks, through many an
vnknowne way.

If that my pathes, oh paragon, be so vnknownen to thee,
Go feed thy flock amongst the tents wher none but
shepherds be.

My true and loyal loue, I may thee well compare
To famous Pharaos horses great, which in his cha-
riots are :

Thy cheeks bedect with precious stone, most louely to
behold ;

About thy neck likewise do hang great massy chaines
of gold :

Fine costlie borders, for my loue, of gold we wil prepare,
With siluer studs accordinglie, of worke surpassing rare.
Whiles he at table sat, perfumes then did I make
Of spicknard sweet and delicate, al for my true loues
sake :

My loue, more sweet than myrrhe, between my breasts
doth ly,

Or camphere that doth spring and grow in vine of
Engady.

How faire art thou, my loue, my doue, my darling deare!
Thine eies most like vnto the doues in sight to me appeare:

Oh, how exceeding faire and seemly to be seene !
 The bed where we together lie is hung with pleasant
 greene ;
 The beames our house vphold, they all of cedar be ;
 The reaching rafters of the same of fyrre, that stately
 tree.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

I AM the fragrant flower of braue vermilion hue,
 And lillie in the valey low ysprong vp fresh and new.
 As lillie flower excels the thorne or litle chyer of grasse,
 So far my loue the virgins all in beautie doth surpasse;
 Or as the barren crooked stocke vnto the straightest tree,
 Nomore the sonnes vnto my loue may ought compared be.
 To rest by his sweet side, to mee a heauenly blisse ;
 The fruit that springeth from my loue exceeding pleasan-
 tant is.

To celler he me brings of wine abundant store ;
 His loue displaied ouer me, how can I wish for more ?
 Fil foorth your flagons, then, whereof the fume may flie ;
 Bring forth your cates to comfort me,—ah me, for loue
 I die !

His left hand clipping close about my necke doth hold,
 His right doth sweetly me imbrace, and eke my
 corps enfold.

I charge you by the roes and hinds, ye Jewish daughters
 all,

Not once to stir nor wake my loue, vntil she please to call.

But stay, me thinks, this is mine owne loues voice I heare:
Loe, how he skips from hill to hill! loe, yon he doth
 appeare!

My loue is like a roe that frisketh in the wood,
Or like the strong and stately hart in prime and lusty
 blood:

He closely shroudes himselfe behind our wall, I see,
And through the gate he dooth disclose and shew him-
 selfe to me;

And, calling then, he saith, Come to thine owne, my
 deare,

For, lo, the clouds are past and gone, the skies are
 christal cleare;

The flowers in the field so faire and freshly spring;
The birds do chant with merie glee, the turtle now
 doth sing;

The fig-trees bear such store that boughs with waight
 are bent,

The vines with blossoms do abound, which yeeld a sweet
 accent!

Come to thine owne, my deare, my darling, and my doue;
Leaue thou the place of thine abode, come to thine own
 true loue;

Let me behold thy face, most pleasant to the sight,
And heare my best beloueds voice that most doth me
 delight.

Destroy the subtil fox that doth the grapes deuoure,
For, loe, behold, the time is come, the vines do bud
 and floure!

My loue to me is true, and I likewise his owne,
Which in the lilles takes repast, himselfe euen all alone:

Until the day doth spring, or shadowes fade away,
Be as a roe, or like the harts which on the mountaines
play.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

By night within my bed I romed here and there ;
But al in vain, I could not find my loue and friendly fere.
Then straightwaies vp I rose, and searching euery street
Throughout the city far and neer ; but him I could not
meete :

The watchmen found me tho, to whom I then can say,
Haue ye not seen mine owne true loue of late come this
a way ?

Then passing them, I found my loue I long had sought,
And to my mothers chamber then my darling haue I
brought.

I charge you by the roes and hinds, this vow to me
you make,

Ye Jewish daughters, not to call my loue till she doe wake.
Who's that which doth from wildernes in mighty smoke
appeare,

Like the perfumes of odors sweet which merchants hold
so dear ?

About the bed of Salomon, behold, there is a band
Of threescore valiant Israelites which al in armour stand;
All expert men of war, with sword stil ready prest,
Least foes in night time should approach, when men
suspect them least.

King Salomon hath made of Liban tree so sure
 A pallace braue, whose pillers strong are al of siluer pure:
 The pauement beaten gold, the hangings purple graine,
 The daughters of Ierusalem with ioy to entertaïne.
 Ye Sion daughters, see where Salomon is set
 In royall throan, and on his head the princely coronet,
 Wherewith his mother first adorn'd him (as they say),
 When he in mariage linked was, euen on his wedding
 day.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

BEHOLD, thou art al faire, my loue, my hearts delight:
 Thine eies so louely like the doues appear to me in sight;
 Thy haire surpassing faire and seemely to the eie,
 Like to a goodly heard of goates on Gilead mountaine hie;
 Thy teeth like new washt sheep returning from the flood,
 Wheras not one is barren found, but beareth twinnes
 so good;
 Thy lips like scarlet thred, thy talke dooth breed delight;
 Thy temples like pomgranet faire doth shew to me in
 sight;
 Thy necke like Dauids Tower, which for defence doth
 stand,
 Wherein the shieldes and targets be of men of mightie
 hand;
 Thy breasts like twinned roes in prime and youthfull age,
 Which feed among the lillies sweet, their hunger to
 asswage.

Until the day doe spring, and night be banisht hence,
I will ascend into the mount of myrrhe and frankensence.
Thou art all faire, my loue, most seemly eke to see ;
From head to foot, from top to toe, there is no spot in thee.
Come downe from Libanon, from Libanon aboue,
And from Amanahs mountain hie come to thine own
true loue ;

From Sheuers stately top, from Hermon hil so hie,
From lions dens, and from the cliffes where lurking
leopards lie.

My spouse and sister deare, thy loue hath wounded me ;
Thy louely eie and seemly neck hath made me yeeld
to thee :

Thy loue far better is than any wine to me,
Thy odors sweet doth far surpasse the smell where
spices be :

Thy lips like hony combe, vnder thy tongue doth lie
The honey sweet ; thy garments smel like Libanon on hie.
My spouse a garden is, fast vnder locke and kay,
Or like a fountaine closely kept, where sealed is the way.
Like to a pleasant plot I may thee well compare,
Where camphere, spicknard, dainty fruits, with sweet
pomgranets are,

Euen spicknard, saffron, calamus, and synamom do
growe,

With incense, myrrhe, and alloes, with many spices moe.
Oh fountaine passing pure, oh well of life most deare,
Oh spring of loftie Libanon, of water christal cleare !
Ye north and southern winds, vpon my garden blow,
That the sweet spice that is therein on euery side may
flow :

Vnto his garden place my loue for his repast
Shall walke, and of the fruites therein shal take a
pleasant tast.

THE FIFT CHAPTER.

WITHIN my garden plot, loe, I am present now !
I gathered haue the myrrhe and spice that in aboun-
dance growe ;
With honey, milke, and wine I haue refresht me here:
Eat, drink, my friends, be mery there with harty
friendly cheare.
Although in slumbering sleepe it seemes to you I lay,
Yet heare I my beloued knock, me thinks I heare him say,
Open to me the gate, my loue, my hearts delight,
For, loe, my locks are all bedewed with drizzling drops
of night !
My garments are put off, then may I not doo so :
Shal I defile my feet I washt so white as any snow ?
Then fast euen by the dore to me he shew'd his hand ;
My heart was then enamoured when as I saw him
stand.
Then straight waies vp I rose to ope the dore with
speed ;
My handes and fingers dropped myrrhe vpon the bar
indeed.
Then opened I the dore vnto my loue at last ;
But all in vaine, for why, before my loue was gone
and past.

There sought I for my loue, then could I crie and call;
But him I could not find, nor he nould answer me at all.
The watchmen found me then, as thus I walk'd astray;
They wounded me, and from my head my vaile they
took away.

Ye daughters of Ierusalem, if ye my loue doo see,
Tell him that I am sicke for loue, yea, tel him this
from me.

Thou peerelesse gem of price, I pray thee to vs tell
What is thy loue, what may he be that doth so far
excell?

In my beloueds face the rose and lilly striue;
Among ten thousand men not one is found so faire aliue:
His head like finest gold, with secret sweet perfume;
His curled locks hang all as black as any rauens plume;
His eies be like to doues on riuers banks below,
Ywasht with milk, whose collours are most gallant to
the show;

His cheeks like to a plot where spice and flowers growe;
His lips like to the lilly white, from whence pure
myrrh doth flow;

His hands like rings of gold with costly chrisalet;
His belly like the yuory white with seemly saphyrs set;
His legs like pillers strong of marble set in gold;
His countenance like Libanon or cedars to behold;
His mouth it is as sweet, yea, sweet as sweet may be:
This is my loue; ye virgins, loe, euen such a one is he!
Thou fairest of vs al, whether is thy louer gone?
Tel vs, and we will goe with thee; thou shalt not goe
alone.

THE SIXT CHAPTER.

Downe to his garden place mine own true loue is gone,
Among the spice and lillies sweet to walke himselfe
alone.

True am I to my loue ; and he my louing make,
Which in the lillies makes abode, and doth his pleasure take.

With Tirzah or Ierusalem thy beautie may be waide,
In shew like to an armie great, whose ensignes are
displaid.

Oh, turne away thine eies ! for they haue wounded me:
Thy haire are like a heard of goats on Gilead mount
that be ;

Thy teeth like new washt sheep returning from the
flood,

Whereas ~~not~~ one is barren found, but beareth twins
a good ;

The temples of thy head, within thy locks, to shewe,
Are like to the pomgranet fruit that in the orchards
grow.

Of concubines four score there are, of queens twice
treble ten,

Of virgins for the multitude not to be numbred then ;
But yet my doue alone and vndefiled fere,
Her mothers only daughter is, to her exceeding deare:
The virgins saw my loue, and they haue lik'd her well,
The queens, and eke the concubines, they say she doth
excell.

Who's she I doo behold, so like the morning cleare,

Or like the moon when towards the ful in pride she
doth appear?

Bright as the radiant raies that from the sun descend,
Or like an army terrible when ensignes they extend?
Unto the nuts downe will I goe and fruitfull valeyes lowe,
To see if that the vine doo bud and the pomgranets
growe.

My selfe I know not I, ne nothing knew I then :
Let me be like a chariot, euen of thy noble men.
Return againe, oh, make returne, thou Shulamite so
deare !

Let vs enioy thy company ; I pray thee soiorne here.
What see you in the Shulamite? in her what may
you see,
But like a troupe of warlike men that in the armies be?

THE SEUENTH CHAPTER.

How stately are thy steps with braue and lofty pace,
Thou daintie princesse, darling deare, with comely
gallant grace !

The ioints of thy fair thighs, the which so straight do
stand,

Are like to curious iewels wrought by cunning work-
mans hand ;

Thy nauell like a goblet is which stil with wine doth
flowe ;

Thy belly like an heape of wheat, about which lillies
growe ;

Thy breasts I may compare like to two litle roes,
Which follow on their mothers steps when forth to
feed she goes ;

Thy necke like to a tower of costly iuory fram'd ;
Thine eies like Heshbon waters clear, by that Bath-
rabbin nam'd ;

Thy nose like Libanon Tower, most seemly to the eie,
Which towards Damascus citie faire, that stately town,
doth ly ;

Thy head like scarlet red, thy haire of purple hue :
The king in thee doth take delight as in his lady true.
How faire art thou, my loue, and seemly to the sight !
The pleasures that abound in thee, they are my chiefe
delight :

Thy stature like the palme, the tall and straightest tree ;
Thy breasts, the which do thee adorne, most like to
clusters be :

Upon the pleasant palme, I said, I wil take holde,
And rest vpon her pleasant boughes, I said, I wil be
bolde :

Thy breasts are like a bunch of grapes on the most
fruitful vine ;

Thy nose in smel like to the fruit of al most pure and
fine ;

The rooffe of thy sweet mouth like purest wine doth tast,
Which makes the very aged lagh, forgetting sorrowes
past.

I am vnto my loue a faithfull friendly fere,
And he is likewise vnto me most tender and most deare.
Goe we into the field, to sport vs in the plaine,
And in the pleasant villages, my loue, let vs remaine :

Then early will we rise, and see if that the vine do
flourish,
And if the earth accordingly do the pomgranets nourish.
I feele the mandrakes smell, within our gates that be :
The sweetest things both new and olde, my loue, I
kept for thee.

THE EIGHT CHAPTER.

OH that thou weart my brother borne,
that suckt my mothers breast !
Then sweetly would I kisse thy lippes,
and by thee take my rest.
Vnto my mothers closet sure mine own loue will I
bring,
And be obedient vnto him in euery kind of thing :
There wil I giue to thee, my loue, the daintie spiced
wine,
And pleasant liquor that distils from the pomgranet fine.
With his left hand he shal support, and eke my head
vpreare,
And with the right most louingly he shal imbrace his
deare.
Ye daughters of Ierusalem, doo not my loue disease,
But suffer her to take her rest so long as she shall please.
Who's that which from the wildernes yon commeth
from aboue,
And in this sort familiarly dooth leane vpon her loue?

Vnder a pleasant aple tree, from whence like fruit doth
spring,

Thy mother first conceiued thee, euen forth which did
thee bring.

Let it be like a priuie seale within thy secret heart,
Or like a signet on thy hand thy secrets to impart ;
For iealousie is like the graue, and loue more strong
than death,

From whose hot brands ther doth proceed a flaming
fiery breath :

The fouds cannot alay his heat, nor water quench his
flame,

Neither the greatest treasure can counteruaile the
same.

Our litle sister hath no breasts: what shal we doo or say,
When we shal giue her to her spouse vpon her wed-
ding day ?

If that she be a wall, on that foundation sure
A princely pallace wil we build of siluer passing pure;
And if she be a doore, she shall inclosed be
With braue and goodly squared boords of the fine
cedar tree.

I am a mightie wall, my breasts like towers hie ;
Then am I passing beautifull in my beloueds eie.
King Salomon a vinyard had in faire Baalhamon field;
Each one in siluer yeerely dooth a thousand peeces
yeeld :

But yet my vineyard, Salomon, thy vine doth far excell
For fruit and goodnes of the same, thou know'st it
very wel :

A thousand siluer peeces are euen yearely due to me,
Two thousand likewise vnto them the which her keepers
be.

Oh thou that in the garden dwell'st, learne me thy
voice to know,

That I may listen to the same, as thy companions doo!
Flie, my beloued, hence away, and be thou like the roe,
Or as the hart on mountaine tops, wheron sweet
spices growe.

THE SONG OF ANNAH FOR THE BRINGING FOORTH OF SAMUEL
HER SONNE.

The Second Chap. of the First Booke of Samuel.

MY heart doth in the Lord reioice, that liuing Lord of
might,

Which doth his seruants horn exalt in al his peoples sight:
I wil reioice in their despight which erst haue me abhord,
Because that my saluation dependeth on the Lord.

None is so holie as the Lord ; besides thee none there are;
With our God there is no god that may himselfe compare.
See that no more presumptuously ye neither boast nor
vaunt,

Nor yet vnseemly speak such things, so proud and
arrogant ;

For why, the counsell of the Lord in depth cannot be
sought,

Our enterprises and our actes by him to passe are brought.

The bowe is broke, the mightie ones subuerted are at
length,

And they which weake and feeble were increased are
in strength.

They that were ful and had great store, with labor buy
their bread,

And they which hungrie were and poore, with plenty
now are fed ;

So that the womb which barren was hath many chil-
dren born,

And she which store of children had is left now all
forlorne.

The Lord doth kill and make aliue, his iudgments all
are iust ;

He throweth downe into the graue, and raiseth from
the dust.

The Lord doth make both rich and poore ; he al our
thoughts doth trie ;

He bringeth low, and eke againe exalteth vp on hie.

He raiseth vp the simple soule, whom men pursude
with hate,

To sit amongst the mightie ones in chaire of princely
state ;

For why, the pillars of the earth he placed with his hand,
Whose mighty strength doth stil support the waight of
al the land.

He wil preserue his saints ; likewise the wicked men
at length

He wil confound ; let no man seem to glory in his
strength.

The enemies of God, the Lord, shal be destroied all ;
From heauen he shal thunder send, that on their heads
shal fall.

The mightie Lord shall iudge the world, and giue his
power alone

Vnto the king, and shal exalt his owne annointed one.

THE SONG OF IONAH IN THE WHALES BELLIE.

In the Second Chap. of Ionah.

IN grieve and anguish of my heart, my voice I did extend
Unto the Lord, and he therto a willing eare did lend ;
Euen from the deep and darkest pit and the infernall lake,
To me he hath bow'd down his eare, for his great
mercies sake.

For thou into the middest of surging seas so deepe
Hast cast me foorth, whose bottom is so low and
woondrous steep ;

Whose mighty wallowing waues, which from the
floods do flow,

Haue with their power vp swallowed me, and ouer-
whelm'd me tho.

Then said I, loe, I am exilde from presence of thy face !
Yet wil I once againe behold thy house and dwelling
place :

The waters haue encompass me, the floods inclosde me
round,

The weeds haue sore encombred me, which in the
seas abound :

Vnto the valeyes down I went, beneath the hils which
 stand ;
 The earth hath there enuiron'd me with force of al
 the land :
 Yet hast thou stil preserued me from al these dangers
 here,
 And brought my life out of the pit, oh Lord, my God
 so deare !
 My soule consuming thus with care, I praied vnto the
 Lord,
 And he from out his holie place heard me with one
 accord.
 Who to vain lieng vanities doth whollie him betake
 Doth erre, also Gods mercie he doth vtterly forsake :
 But I wil offer vnto him the sacrifice of praise,
 And pay my vowes, ascribing thanks vnto the Lord
 alwaies.

THE PRAIER OF IEREMIAH, BEWAILING THE CAPTIUITIE
 OF THE PEOPLE.

In the Fift Chap. of his Lamentations.

CAL vnto mind, oh mightie Lord, the wrongs we
 daily take !
 Consider and behold the same, for thy great mercies
 sake.
 Our lands and our inheritance meere strangers do
 possesse,
 The alients in our houses dwel, and we without redresse.

We now, alas, are fatherlesse ! and stil pursude with
hate ;

Our mourning mothers nowe remaine in wofull widdowes
state.

We buy the water which we drink, such is our grieu-
ous want,

Likewise the wood euen for our vse that we ourselues
did plant.

Our neckes are subiect to the yoke of persecutions thrall,
We wearied out with cruell toile, and find no rest at all.
Afore time we in Egypt land and in Assyria serued,
For food our hunger to sustaine, least that we should
haue sterued.

Our fathers, which are dead and gone, haue sinned
wondrous sore,

And we now scourg'd for their offence, ah, woe are we
therefore !

Those seruile slaues which bondmen be, of them in
fear we stand,

Yet no man doth deliuer vs from cruel caitiues hand.
Our liuings we are forc'd to get in perils of our liues,
The drie and barren wilderness therto by danger
driues.

Our skins be scortcht, as though they had bin in an
ouen dride,

With famine and the penury which here we doo abide.
Our wiues and maides defloured are by violence and
force,

On Sion and in Iuda land, sans pity or remorse.

Our kings by cruel enimies with cordes are hanged vp,
Our grauest sage and ancient men haue tasted of that cup;
Our yong men they haue put to sword, not one at al
they spare,

Our litle boyes vpon the tree sans pitie hanged are.
Our elders sitting in the gates can now no more be found,
Our youth leaue off to take delight in musicks sacred
sound.

The ioy and comfort of our heart away is fled and gone,
Our solace is with sorrow mixt, our mirth is turn'd to
mone.

Our glory now is laid full low and buried in the ground,
Our sins ful sore do burthen vs, whose greatnes doth
abound.

Oh holy blessed Sion hill, my heart is woe for thee !
Mine eies poure foorth a flood of teares this dismal
day to see,

Which art destroied, and now lieth wast from sacred
vse and trade ;

Thy holie place is now a den of filthy foxes made.
But thou, the euerliuing Lord, which doost remaine
for aye,

Whose seat aboue the firmament full sure and still
doth stay,

Wherefore dost thou forsake thine owne ? shal we
forgotten be ?

Turne vs, good Lord, and so we shall be turned vnto
thee ;

Lord, cal vs home from our exile to place of our abode:
Thou long inough hast punisht vs ; oh Lord, now
spare thy rod !

THE SONG OF DEBORAH AND BARACKE.

The Fift Chap. of Iudges.

PRAISE ye the Lord, the which reuenge
on Israels wrongs doth take,
Likewise for those which offered vp
themselues for Israels sake.

Heare this, ye kings, ye princes al, giue eare with one
accord ;

I wil giue thanks, yea, sing the praise of Israels
liuing Lord.

When thou departedst, Lord, from Seir, and out of
Edom field,

The earth gan quake, the heauens rain, the cloudes
their water yeeld :

The mountains hie before the Lord haue melted euery del,
As Synay did in presence of the Lord of Israell.

In time of Sangar, Anaths sonne, and in old Iaels daies,
The paths were al vnoccupied, men sought forth
vnknown waies :

The townes and cities there lay wast, and to decay
they fel,

Til Deborah a matrone graue became in Israell.

They chose them gods; then garboils did within their
gates abound ;

A spear or shield in Israel there was not to be found.
In those which gouern Israel my heart doth take delight,
And in the valiant people there : oh, praise the Lord
of might !

Speak, ye that on white asses ride, and that by Midden
dwell,

And ye that daily trade the waies, see forth your minds
you tell.

The clattering noise of archers shot, when as the
arrowes flew,

Appeased was amongst the sort which water daily drew:
The righteousness of God the Lord shal be declared
there,

And likewise Israels righteousness which worship him
in feare:

The people with reioicing hearts then all with one
consent,

I mean the Lords inheritance, vnto the gates they went.
Deborah, vp, arise, and sing a sweet and worthy song:
Baracke, lead them as captiues forth which vnto thee
belong.

For they which at this day remaine do rule like lords
alone:

The Lord ouer the mightie ones giues me dominion.
The roots of Ephraim arose gainst Amalecke to fight,
And so likewise did Benjamin with all their power
and might.

From Macher came a company which chiefest sway
did beare,

From Zebulon which cunning clarks and famous writers
were.

The kings which came of Isacher were with Deborah tho,
Yea, Isacher and Barack both attend on her also.

He was dismounted in the vale: for the deuisions sake
Of Ruben, the people there great lamentation make.

Gilead by Iorden made abode, and Dan on shipboord lay,
And Asher in the desart, he vpon the shore doth stay.
They of Zebulon and Nepthaly, like worthy valiant
wightes,

Before their foes, euen in the field, aduanc'd themselues
in fights.

The kings themselues in person fought, the kings of
Canaan,

In Tanach plaine wheras the streame of swift Megido ran.
No pay, no hyer, ne coine at all, not one did seem to take;
They serued not for greedy gain nor filthy lucre sake.
The heauens hy and heauenly powers these things to
passe haue brought ;

The stars against proud Sisera euen in their course
haue fought.

The stream of Kishons ancient brook hath ouerwhelm'd
them there :

My soule, sith thou hast done thy part, be now of harty
cheare.

The hardened hooues of barbed horse were al in peeces
broke

By force of mightie men which met with many a sturdy
stroke.

The angel hath pronounc'd a curse, which shal on
Meroz fall,

And those that doo inhabite there, a curse light on
them all ;

Because they put not forth their hands to help the
liuing Lord

Against the proud and mighty ones which haue his
truth abhord.

Iaell, the Kenit Hebers wife, most happy shal be blest
Above al other women there which in the tents do rest.
He asked water for to drink; she gaue sweet milk to him,
Yea, butter in a lordly dish which was full tricke and
trim.

Her left hand to the naile she put, her right the ham-
mer wrought,

Wherewith presumptuous Sisera vnto his death she
brought;

And from his corps his head she cut with mortal
deadly wound,

When through the temples of his head she naid him
to the ground:

He bowed then vnto the earth, and at her feet can fall;

And where he fell, there still he lay bereau'd of sences all.

The mother then of Sisera, in window where she lay,

Doth marueil much that this her sonne doth make so
long a stay:

Her ladies then, they hearing that, make answer by
and by;

Yea, to her speaches past before her selfe doth this
replie,—

Hath he not gotten mightie spoiles, and now diuision
makes?

Each one a damosell hath or twaine which he as captiue
takes;

Sisera of costly coloured robes, ful rich with needle
wrought,

Hath got a pray which vnto him as chiefest spoiles are
brought.

So let thine enemies, O Lord, sustaine and suffer blame;
And let thy chosen blessed ones, that loue and feare
thy name,
Be like the son when in the morne his glorie doth
increase,
Or like the land which many a yeare hath bin in rest
and peace !

ANOTHER SONG OF THE FAITHFULL FOR THE MERCIES OF GOD.

In the xii. Chap. of the Prophetie of Isaiah.

OH liuing Lord, I still will laude thy name !
For though thou wert offended once with me,
Thy heauy wrath is turn'd from me againe,
And graciously thou now doost comfort mee.

Behold, the Lord is my saluation ;
I trust in him, and feare not any power :
He is my song, the strength I leane vpon ;
The Lord God is my louing Sauour.

Therefore with ioy out of the well of life
Draw foorth sweet water which it dooth affoord,
And in the day of trouble and of strife
Cal on the name of God, the liuing Lord :

Extol his works and woonders to the sunne,
Vnto al people let his praise be showne,
Record in song the meruails he hath done,
And let his glorie through the world be blowne.

Crie out aloud and shout on Sion hill ;

I giue thee charge that this proclaimed be, —
The great and mightie King of Israell
Now onely dwelleth in the midst of thee.

A SONG OF THE FAITHFULL.

In the Third Chap. of the Prophetie of Habacucke.

LORD, at thy voice my heart for feare hath trembled :
Vnto the world, Lord, let thy workes be shoven ;
In these our daies now let thy power be knowen,
And yet in wrath let mercie be remembred.

From Teman, loe, our God you may behold,
The Holie One from Paran mount so hie !
His glorie hath cleane couered the skie,
And in the earth his praises be inolde.

His shining was more clearer than the light ;
And from his hands a fulnesse did proceed,
Which did contain his wrath and power indeed ;
Consuming plagues and fire were in his sight.

He stood aloft and compassed the land,
And of the nations doth defusion make ;
The mountains rent, the hilles for feare did quake :
His vnknown pathes no man may vnderstand.

The Morians tentes, euen for their wickednes,
I might behold, the land of Midian,
Amaz'd and trembling, like vnto a man
Forsaken quite and left in great distresse.

What, did the riuers moue the Lord to ire ?
Or did the floods his maiesty displease ?
Or was the Lord offended with the seas,
That thou camest forth in chariot hot as fire ?

Thy force and power thou freely didst relate ;
Vnto the tribes thy oath doth surely stand ;
And by thy strength thou didst deuide the land,
And from the earth the riuers seporate.

The mountaines saw, and trembled for feare ;
The sturdy streame with speed forth passed by ;
The mightv depthes shout out a hideous crie,
And then aloft their waues they did vpreare.

The sun and moon amid their course stood still ;
Thy speares and arrowes forth with shining went :
Thou spoilest the land, being to anger bent,
And in displeasure thou didst slay and kill.

Thou wentest forth for thine owne chosens sake,
For the sauegard of thine annointed one :
The house of wicked men is ouerthrowne,
And their foundations now goe all to wracke.

Their townes thou strikest, by thy mightie power,
With their own weapons made for their defence,
Who like a whyrl-wind came with the pretence,
The poore and simple man quite to deuoure.

Thou madest thy horse on seas to gallop fast,
Vpon the waues thou ridest here and there :
My intrals trembled then for verie feare,
And at thy voice my lips shooke at the last.

Griefe pierc'd my bones, and feare did me annoy,
In time of trouble where I might find rest ;
For to reuenge when once the Lord is prest,
With plagues he wil the people quite destroy.

The fig-tree now no more shall sprout nor flourish,
The pleasant vine no more with grapes abound ;
No pleasure in the citie shall be found,
The field no more her fruit shal feed nor nourish.

The sheep shall now be taken from the fold,
In stall of bullocks there shall be no choice :
Yet in the Lord, my Sauour, I reioice,
My hope in God yet wil I surely hold.

God is my strength, the Lord my only stay ;
My feet for swiftnesse it is he will make
Like to the hinds who none in course can take ;
Vpon high places he will make me way.

A SONG OF THANKES TO GOD, IN THAT HEE SHEWETH HIMSELFE
IUDGE OF THE WORLD IN PUNISHING THE WICKED
AND MAINTAINING THE GODLIE.

In the xv. Chap. of the Prophetie of Isaiah.

Oh Lord, my God, with praise I wil perseuer,
Thy blessed name in song I wil record,
For the great wonders thou hast done, O Lord !
Thy trueth and counsels haue bene certain euer.

A mightie citie thou makest ruinat,
The strongest townes thou bringest to decay,
A place where strangers vsually do stay,
And shall not be reduc'd to former state.

The proudest people therefore stoupe to thee,
The strongest cities haue thee still in feare :
Thou strengthnest the poore man in dispaire,
And helpest the needie in necessitie ;

Thou art a sure refuge against a shower,
A shadow which doth from the heat defend :
The raging blasts the mighty forth doth send,
Is like a storme which shakes the stateliest tower.

Thou shalt abate the forraine strangers pride,
Like as the heat doth drie the moistest place ;
The glorie of the proud thou shalt deface,
Like as the cloudes the sunny beames doo hide.

The Lord of hostes shal in this mount prouide,
And to his people here shal make a feast
Of fatted things and dainties of the best,
Of marrow and wines finely purified :

And in this mountaine by his mightie hand
That same dark cloud the Lord wil cleane destroy,
Euen with the vaile which doth his folke annoy ;
And death no more before his face shall stand.

The Lord will wipe out of his chosens eies
The teares which doo their faces so distaine ;
And their rebuke shal now no more remaine ;
Thus saith the Lord, these be his promises.

And men shal say then, loe, this same is he,
This is our God on whom we did attend,
This is the Lord that will vs stil defend !
We will be glad and ioyfull, Lord, in thee :

Thy hand, oh Lord, here in this mount shall rest ;
And cursed Moab shall by thee be beaten,
As in thy iudgment thou of long doost threaten,
As in Mamena straw of men is thresht !

And ouer them the Lord his hand shal holde,
As he that swimmeth stretcheth him at length ;
And by his power and by his mighty strength
The proud and stout by him shal be controlde.

Thy highest walles and towers of all thy trust
He shall bring downe, and lay them all full lowe ;
Vnto the ground his hand shall make them bow,
And lay thy pride and glorie in the dust.

ANOTHER SONG OF THE FAITHFULL, WHEREIN IS DECLARED IN
WHAT CONSISTETH THE SALUATION OF THE CHURCH.

In the xvi. Chap. of the Prophetie of Isaiah.

AND in that day this same shal be our song,
In Iuda land this shall be sung and said;
We haue a citie which is woondrous strong,
And for the walles the Lord himself our aid.

Open the gates, yea, set them open wide,
And let the godly and the righteous passe ;
Yea, let them enter, and therein abide,
Which keepe his lawes, and do his trueth imbrace.

And in thy iudgment thou wilt sure preserue
In perfect peace those which doo trust in thee :
Trust in the Lord which dooth all trust deserue ;
He is thy strength, and none but onelie he.

He will bring downe the proud that looke so hie ;
The stateliest buildings he wil soone abase,
And make them euen with the ground to lie,
And vnto dust he will their pride deface :

It shall be troden to the verie ground ;
The poore and needy downe the same shal tread :
The iust mans way in righteousnes is found ;
Into a path most plaine thou wilt him lead.

But we haue waited long for thee, oh Lord !
And in thy way of iudgment we do rest ;
Our soules doth ioy thy name still to record,
And thy remembrance doth content vs best.

My soule hath long'd for thee, oh Lord ! by night,
And in the morn my spirit for thee hath sought :
Thy iudgments to the earth giue such a light,
As al the world by them thy trueth is taught.

But shew thy mercie to the wicked man,—
He wil not learne thy righteousness to know ;
His chiefe delight is still to curse and ban,
And vnto thee himselfe he will not bow.

They doo not once at all regard thy power ;
Thy peoples zeale shall let them see their shame :
But with a fire thou shalt thy foes deuoure,
And cleane consume them with a burning flame.

With peace thou wilt preserue vs, Lord, alone,
For thou hast wrought great woonders for our sake ;
And other gods beside thee haue we none,
Only in thee we all our comfort take.

The dead and such as sleep within the graue,
Shal giue no glorie nor yeeld praise to thee,
Which here on earth no place nor being haue,
And thou hast rooted out of memorie.

Oh Lord ! thou doost this nation multiply,
Thou, Lord, hast blest this nation with increase :
Thou art most glorious in thy maiesty ;
Thou hast inlarg'd the earth with perfect peace.

We cride to thee, and oft our hands did wring,
When we haue seen thee bent to punishment ;
Like to a woman in childbyrth traueiling,
Euen so in paine we mourne and doo lament :

We haue conceiu'd and laboured with paine,
But only wind at last we forth haue brought ;
Vpon the earth no hope there doth remaine,
The wicked world likewise auailles vs nought.

The dead shal liue, and such as sleep in graue
With their own bodies once shal rise againe :
Sing, ye that in the dust your dwelling haue ;
The earth no more her bodies shall retaine.

Come, come, my people, to my chamber here,
And shut the doores vp surely after thee ;
Hide thou thy selfe, and doo not once appeare,
Nor let thine eies mine indignation see :

For from aboue the Lord is now dispos'd
 To scourge the sinnes that in the world remaine :
 His seruants blood in earth shal be disclosde,
 And she shal now yeeld vp her people slaine.

FINIS.

HEREAFTER FOLLOVVE CERTAIN OTHER SONGS AND PRAIERS
 OF GODLY MEN AND WOMEN, OUT OF THE BOOKES
 OF APOCRIPHA.

THE PRAIER OF IUDITH FOR THE DELIUERANCE OF THE
 PEOPLE.

In the ix. Chap. of the book of Iudith.

Oh Lord ! the God of Simeon,
 my soueraigne father deare,
 To whom thou gauest strength and might
 the sword in hand to beare,
 To take reuenge on those which first the maidens
 wombe did tame,
 And spoiled her virginitie with great reproch and shame;
 For which offence thou gauest vp their princes to be
 slaine,
 So that their wounds with gory blood their beds did
 all distain ;
 Their seruants with their lords, ech one, haue felt thy
 wrath alike,
 Who sitting in their roial seat thou sparest not to strike;

Their wiues, their daughters, and their goods, thou
gau'st, for thy behoue,
As prais, as captiues, and as spoiles, to those whom
thou didst loue,
Who, moou'd with zeale, could not abide their blood
defil'd to see ;
Then heare me, Lord, a widow poore which here do
cal to thee.
Things past, and things not yet discern'd, thy prouidence
hath wrought,
Things present, and the things to come, by thee to
passe are brought ;
Each thing is present at thy call thy wisdome doth
deuise,
Thy secret iudgments long before thy knowledge doth
comprise.
Th' Assirians now in multitude a mighty number are,
Whose horsmen on their barbed horse themselues to
war prepare ;
Their hope in footmen doth consist, in sling, in speare,
and shield ;
They know not thee to be the Lord whose force doth
win the field.
Let all their force, their strength, and power be by thy
might abated,
Who vow thy temple to defile which thou hast conse-
crated,
Yea, to pollute thy tabernacle, thy house, and holy
place,
And with their instruments of war thine altars to deface.

Behold their pride, and poure on them thy wrath and
heauy yre,

And strength my hand to execute the thing I now
desire ;

Smite thou the seruant and the lord, as they together
stand,

Abate their glory and their pride euen by a womans
hand :

For in the greatest multitude thou takest not delight,
Nor in the strong and valiant men consisteth not thy
might ;

But to the humble, lowly, meeke, the succourlesse, and
poore,

Thou art a help, defence, refuge, and louing sauour.

My father in thy name did trust, O Israels Lord most
deare,

Of heauen, of earth, of sea and land ! doo thou my
praier heare :

Grant thou me wit, sleight, power, strength to wound
them, which aduance

Themselues ouer thy Sion hil and thine inheritance :

Declare to nations far and neare, and let them know
ful well,

Thou art the Lord whose power and strength defend-
eth Israell.

THE SONG OF IUDITH, HAUNG SLAINE HOLOPHERNES.

In the xvi. Chap. of the book of Iudith.

TUNE vp the timbrels, then, with laud vnto the Lord,
Sound foorth his praise on simbals loud, with songs of
one accord ;

Declare and shew his praise, also his name rehearse,
In song of thankes exactly pend, of sweet and noble
verse.

The Lord he ceaseth warres, euen he the verie same,
Tis he that doth appease all strife ; Iehouah is his name;
The which hath pitcht his tent, our surest strength
and aide,

Amongst vs here, least that our foes shuld make vs
once dismaid.

From northren mountain tops proud Assur came a
downe,

With warlike men, a multitude of famous high renowne,
Whose footmen stopt the streams where riuers woont
to flowe,

And horsmen couered all the vales that lay the hilles
belowe.

His purpose was for to destroy my land with sword
and fire,

To put my yongmen to the sword did thirst with hot
desire,

My children to captiuitie he would haue borne away,
My virgins so by rape and force as spoiles and chiefest
pray.

But yet the high and mighty Lord his people doth defend,
And by a silly womans hand hath brought him to his end;
For why, their mightie men with armes were not
subdude,

Nor with their blood our yoong mens hands were not
at al imbrude,

No, none of Titans line this proud Assirian slue,
Nor any gyants aid we crau'd this souldier to subdue;
But Iudith she alone, Meraris daughter deere,
Whose heauenly hue hath bred his baine, and brought
him to his beere.

She left her mourning weed, and deckt her selfe with gold,
In royall robes of seemly showe, all Israell to behold;
With odors she perfum'd her selfe after the queintest
guise,

Her haire with fillet finely bound as art could wel deuise;
Her slippers neat and trim his eies and fancie fed,
Her beautie hath bewicht his mind, her sword cut off
his head.

The Perseans were amaz'd, her modestie was such,
The Medes at her bold enterprise they marueiled as
much ;

Amongst th' Assyrians then great clamors can arise,
When as the fact so lately done appear'd before their eies.
The sons, which erst my daughters haue euen on their
bodies born,

Haue slaine them as they fled in chace, as men so quite
forlorne ;

Euen at the presence of the Lord the stoutest turn'd
his backe,

His power did so astonish them that al things went to
wracke.

A song now let vs sing of thankes vnto the Lord,
Yea, in a song of pleasant tune let vs his praise record.
Oh God, thou mightie Lord! who is there like to
thee?

In strength and power to thee, oh Lord, none may
compared be!

Thy creatures all obey and serue thee in their trade,
For thou no sooner spakst the word but euery thing
was made;

Thou sentest forth the spirit which did thy worke
fulfill,

And nothing can withstand thy voice, but listen to thy
will.

The mountains shal remoue wher their foundation lay,
Likewise the floods, the craggy rocks like wax shal
melt away:

But they that feare the Lord, and in him put their
trust,

Those will he loue, and stil impute amongst the good
and iust.

But woe be those that seeke his chosen flocks decay!
The Lord God wil reuenge their wrongs at the last
iudgement day;

For he such quenchlesse fire and gnawing wormes shal
send

Into their flesh, as shal consume them world without
an end.

A PRAIER OF THE AUTHOUR.

In the xxiii. Chap. of Ecclesiasticus.

LORD of my life, my guide and gouvernour,
Father, of thee this one thing I require ;
Thou wilt not leaue me to the wicked power,
Which seeke my fall, and stil my death desire.

Oh, who is he that shall instruct my thought,
And so with wisdom shall inspire my heart,
In ignorance that nothing may be wrought
By me with them whose sinne shall not depart ?

Least that mine errors growe and multiplie,
And to destruction through my sinnes I fall,
My foes reioice at my aduersitie,
Who in thy mercie haue no hope at all.

My Lord and God, from whom my life I tooke,
Vnto the wicked leaue me not a pray ;
A haughty mind, a proud disdainfull looke,
From me thy seruant take thou cleane away.

Vaine hope likewise, with vile concupiscence,
Lord, of thy mercie take thou cleane from me ;
Retaine thou him in true obedience,
Who with desire daily serueth thee.

Let not desire to please the greedy mawe,
Or appetite of any fleshly lust,
Thy seruant from his louing Lord withdraw,
But giue thou me a mind both good and iust.

THE PRAIER OF SALOMON.

In the ix. Chap. of the Book of Wisdome.

OH God of our forefathers all,
of mercie thou the Lord,
Which heauen and earth and all thinges els
createdst with thy word,

And by thy wisdome madest man like to thy selfe alone,
And gauest him ouer thy workes the chiefe dominion,
That he shoud rule vpon the earth with equity and right,
And that his iudgments should be pure and vpright in
thy sight!—

Giue me that wisdome which about thy sacred throne
doth stay,

And from amongst thine own elect, Lord, put me not
away;

For I thy seruant am, and of thy handmaid borne,
A sillie soule, whose life, alas ! is short and all forlorne,
And do not vnderstand at all what ought to be my guide,
I mean thy statutes and thy lawes, least that I slip aside ;
For though a man in worldly things for wisdome be
esteem'd,

Yet if thy wisdom want in him, his is but folly deem'd.
Thou chocest me to be a king, to sit on royall throne,
To iudge the folk which thou of right dost challenge
for thy own :

Thou hast commanded me to build a temple on thy hill,
And altar in the self same place where thou thy selfe
doost dwel,

Euen like vnto thy tabernacle in each kind of respect,
A thing most holy, which at first thy selfe thou didst
erect.

Thy wisdome being stil with thee which vnderstands
thy trade,

When as thou framedst first the world, and her
foundation laid,

Which knew the thing that most of all was pleasant in
thy sight,

Thy wil and thy commandements wherein thou takst
delight ;

Send her down from that heauenly seat wheras she
doth abide,

That she may shew to me thy will, and be my onely guide ;
For she dooth know and vnderstand, yea, al things
doth foresee,

And by her works and mighty power I shall preserued
bee :

Then shal my works accepted be and liked in thy sight,
When I vpon my fathers throne shall iudge thy folke
aright.

Who knoweth the counsell of the Lord, his deep and
secret skil,

Or who may search into his works, or know his holy will ?
For why, the thoughts of mortal men are nothing els
but care,

Their forecasts and deuises all, things most vncertaine
are.

The bodie is vnto the soule a waight and burthen great,
The earthly house depresseth down the mind with
cares repleat :

The things which here on earth remain we hardly
can discern,
To find their secret vse and trade with labor great we
learne ;
For who doth search, or seek to know with traueill
and with care,
The secrets of the mightie Lord, which hie in heauen
are ?
Who can thy counsels vnderstand, except thou doo
impart
Thy wisdome, and thy holy spirit doost send into his
heart ?
For so the waies of mortal men reformed are, and
taught
The things that most delighteth thee, which wisdom
forth haue brought.

A SONG OF IHESUS THE SONNE OF SIRACH.

In the last Chap. of Ecclesiasticus.

I WILL confesse thy name, O Lord,
And giue thee praise with one accord !
My God, my King, and Sauour,
Vnto thy name be thankes and power !

I haue bene succoured by thee,
And thou hast still preserued me,
And from destruction kept me long,
And from report of slaunderous tongue ;

From lips stil exercise with lies,
And from my cruell enemies,
Thou me in mercie doost deliuer ;
Thy blessed name be praisde for euer !

From monsters that would me deuoure,
From cruell tyrants and their power ;
In all affliction, paine, and grieve,
Thou succourest me with some reliefe ;

From the cruell burning flame,
Poore I inclosde within the same,
From the deepe infernall pit,
From venom'd tongues that poison spit ;

From speeches that of malice spring,
From accusation to the king,
From all reproch and infamy,
From slander and like villanie.

My soule, to death praise thou the Lord,
And laud his name with one accord ;
For death was readie thee to take,
And thou neare the infernall lake.

They compassed me round about,
But there was none to helpe me out ;
I look'd when succour would appeare,
But there was none that would come neare.

Vpon thy mercies then I thought,
And on the wonders thou hast wrought,
How from destruction thou doost saue
Such as in thee affiance haue :

In praier then I did perseuer,
That thou from death wouldst me deliuer ;
Vnto the Lord I crie and call,
That he would rid me out of thrall.

Therefore I still will praise thy name,
And euer thanke thee for the same ;
My praiers shall of thee be heard,
And neuer from thy eares debard :

Thou sau'st me from destruction,
And other mischiefs more than one ;
Therefore wil I praise thee, O Lord,
And in my songs thy name record !

THE PRAIER OF HESTER FOR THE DELIUERANCE OF HER
AND HER PEOPLE.

In the xiiii. Chap. of Hester.

O MIGHTY Lord, thou art our God ! to thee for aid I
 crie,
To help a woman desolate, sith danger now is nie.
Euen from my youth I oft haue hard my predecessors
 tel,

That from amongst the nations all thou chosest Israell,
And chosest those our fathers were from theirs that
went before,

To be thine owne, and hast perform'd thy promise
euermore.

Now, Lord, we haue committed sin most grievous in
thine eies ;

Wherefore thou hast deliuered vs vnto our enemies ;
Because that to their heathen gods with worship we
haue gone,

Knowing that thou art God the Lord, the righteous
Lord alone.

Yet not content nor satisfied with these our captiues
bands,

But with their idols they themselues haue ioin'd and
shaken hands,

Quite to abolish and subuert what thou appointed hast,
And this thine owne inheritance euen vtterly to waste,
To shut and stop the mouthes of those that yeeld thee
thanks and praise,

Thy glorious temples to defile, thine altars vp to raise,
And to induce the heathen folke to laud their idols
might,

To magnifie a fleshly king, a man, a mortall wight.

Then let not such the scepter sway whose glorie is of
nought,

Least they deride vs when that we to miserie are brought,
And those deuises they haue wrought t' intangle vs
withall,

May turne vnto their owne decay, and on their heads
may fall.

Remember, Lord, and shew thy selfe to vs in time of need,
And strengthen me, thou King of kings, and Lord of
power indeed ;

Instruct my tongue with eloquence, my speaches to
impart

Before the lions face, and by thy wisdome turne his
heart

To hate our deadly enemy, so wholly bent to ill,—
Destroy him and al such as doo consent vnto his will ;
But let thy hand deliuer vs, and help and succour me,
Sith I am now left comfortlesse, and haue no help but
thee.

Thou know'st right well all things, O Lord ! and this
thou knowest then,

I hate the glory and the pompe of wicked sinful men,
And vtterly detest the bed of any heathen wight,
Vncircumcised, most vnpure, and odious in thy sight :
Thou knowest my necessitie, and that with hate I beare
This token of preheminance which on my head I weare,
And as a filthy menstruous cloath I take thereof such
shame,

As, being by my selfe alone, I neuer weare the same ;
And that at Hamans table yet thy handmaid hath not fed,
Nor tooke delight in princes feast, nor drank wine
offered ;

And neuer ioi'd in any thing, since first I hether came,
Vntil this day, but in the Lord, thou God of Abraham !
Oh thou, the high and mightie God, heare thou the
voice and crie

Of them, whose hope, whose trust, and stay only on
thee doth lie !

And now in need deliuer vs out of their cruell hand,
And from the dread and feare, O Lord, wherin we
dayly stand !

THE PRAIER OF MARDOCHEUS.

In the xiii. Chap. of Hester.

OH Lord, my Lord, that art the King of might,
Within whose power all things their being haue !
Who may withstand that liueth in thy sight,
If thou thy chosen Israell wilt saue ?

For thou hast made the earth and heauen aboue,
And al things els that in the same do mooue.

Thou madest all things, and they are all thine own,
And there is none that may resist thy will :
Thou know'st all things, and this of thee is knowne,
I did not erst for malice nor for ill,
Presumption nor vaine glorie els at all,
Come nor bow downe vnto proud Hamans call.

I could haue bin content for Israels sake
To kisse the soles euen of his verie feet,
But that I would not mans vaine honor take
Before Gods glorie, being so vnmeet,
And would not worship none, O Lord, but thee !
And not of pride, as thou thy selfe doost see.

Therefore, oh Lord, my God and heauenly King,
Haue mercie on the people thou hast bought !
For they imagine and deuise the thing
How to destroy and bring vs vnto nought,
Thine heritance, which thou so long hast fed,
And out so far from Egypt land hast led.

Oh, heare my praier, and mercie doe extend
Vpon thy portion of inheritance !
For sorrowe now some ioy and solace send,
That we may liue thy glorie to aduance ;
And suffer not their mouthes shut vp, oh Lord,
Which stil thy name with praises doo record !

A PRAIER IN THE PERSON OF THE FAITHFULL.

The xxxvi. Chap. of Ecclesiasticus.

HAUE mercie on vs, blessed Lord,
Which madest all thinges with thy word ;
Behold vs, Sauour, from aboue,
Illuminate vs with thy loue :

And let the wicked dread thy name,
Which neuer sought vnto the same,
And knowe that thou art God alone,
And like in woonders to be none.

Oh Lord, lift vp thy mightie hand !
The world thy power shall vnderstand :
As by vs thou art sanctified,
By them so be thou magnified ;

That they may learne thy power to knowe,
As we that be thy seruantes doo :
Thou art the liuing Lord alone,
And other goddes besides thee none.

Renew the signes, Lord, thou hast showne,
And let thy woonderous woorks be knowne ;
Declare the strength of thy right hand,
Let them thy power vnderstand :

Arise to iudgment in thine yre,
Poure out thy wrath as hot as fire ;
Destroy the cruell aduersarie,
To spoile our foes, Lord, doo not tarie :

Shorten thou these wicked daies ;
Thinke on thine oath at all assaies ;
Let thy woonders, Lord, appeare,
And be thou praised farre and neare :

In burning fire, Lord, let them die
Which doe escape and seek to flie ;
And let them perish with annoy
Which seeke thy people to destroy :

Cleaue thou the heads of mighty kings,
Our enemies in godly things ;
And let the world behold and see
That we are chosen vnto thee :

Lord, gather Iacob vnto thee,
That they thy might and power may see,
That they thy wondrous works may show,
And to be thine themselues may know.

Vnto thy folke impute no blame
Which euer cald vpon thy name ;
To Israel, Lord, be thou milde,
Thy only heir, thy first borne child ;

Vnto Ierusalem shew pitie,
Thy sanctuarie and thy citie ;
Blesse Sion where thy prophets liue,
Thy glorie to thy people giue :

And be thou witnesse vnto those
Which haue bene thine still to dispose,
And raise them vp, oh Lord, on hie,
Which in thy name doo prophesie !

Reward them, Lord, that waite for thee,
That they thy prophets trueth may see ;
Heare thou thy seruants praier, oh Lord,
As thou to Aaron gauest thy word !

Guide vs in way of righteousness:
The earth thy glorie shall expresse;
And to the world it shall be knowne,
Thou art eternall and alone.

A PRAIER OF TOBIAS, EXHORTING ALL MEN TO PRAISE THE LORD

Tobias, Chap. xiii.

Bless'd be that King which euermore shal raign,
So euer may his kingdome blessed be!
Which punisheth and pitttieth againe,
Which sends to hell and likewise setteth free;
 Before whose presence may no creature stand,
 Nor any thing auoid his heauie hand.

Ye children of his chosen Israell,
Before the Gentles stil confesse his name,
With whom he hath appointed you to dwell,
Euen there, I say, extol and laude his fame:
 He is a Lord and God most gracious,
 And still hath bene a father vnto vs.

He wil scourge vs for our iniquitie;
Yet mercie will he take on vs againe,
And from those nations gathered shall we be,
With whom as strangers now we do remaine,
 Yf in your harts he shal repentance find,
 And turne to him with zeale and willing mind.

When as your dealings shall be found vpright,
Then wil he turn his face from you no more,
Nor thenceforth hide his presence from your sight,
But lend his mercie then, laid vp in store ;
Therefore confesse his name, and praises sing
To that most great and highest heauenly King.

I will confesse him in captiuitie,
And to a wicked people shewe his might :
Oh, turne to him, vile sinners that you be,
And doo the thing is vpright in his sight !
Who's there can tell if he will mercie showe,
Or take compassion on you, yea or noe ?

I will extoll and laude thy name alwaies,
My soule, the praise of heauens King expresse ;
All tongues on earth shall spread abroad his praise,
All nations shew foorth his righteousness ;
Ierusalem, thou shalt be scourged then,
But he wil spare the sonnes of righteous men.

Faile not to giue the Lord his praises due,
And still extoll that euerlasting King ;
And help to build his tabernacle newe,
In which his saints shall euer sit and sing,
In which the captiues shall haue end of grieve,
In which the poore shall euer find reliefe.

Many shall come from countries far and neare,
And shall great giftes vnto his presence bring ;

Many before his presence shall appeare,
And shal reioice in this great heauenly King :
 Cursed be those which hate thy blessed name,
 But bless'd be those which loue and like the same.

Triumph with ioy, ye that be good and iust ;
Though scattered now, yet shall you gathered be ;
Then in the Lord fix all your hope and trust,
And rest in peace till you these blessings see :
 Blessed be those which haue bin touch'd with grieve,
 When they haue seen thee scourg'd and want reliefe.

Those only shall reioice with thee againe,
And those shall be partakers of thy glorie,
And shall in blisse for ay with thee remaine,
Now passed once these troubles transitorie :
 Then, oh my soule, see thou reioice and sing,
 And laud the great and highest heuenly King !

And he will build Jerusalem full faire
With emeralds and saphyrs of great price ;
With precious stones he will her walles repaire,
Her towers of golde with worke of rare deuice ;
 And all her streetes with berall will he paue,
 With carbuncles and ophirs passing braue :

And all her people there shall sit and say,
Praised be God with Aleluiah !

NOTES.

P. 3. Dedication, last line but three, "*censure*," i. e. opinion, judgement.

P. 10. last line but three, "*in it they would delite*." Old ed. "*in it they woule delite*,"—a misprint, as is shewn by "would" in the next line.

P. 11. line 4, "*bitternesse*." Old ed. "*bittennesse*."

P. 15. last line, "*laire*," i. e. leer, skin, complexion.

P. 16. last line but two, "*Or camphere that doth spring and grow in vine of Engady*." Here "vine" is used for vineyard. Our authorized version has, "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi."

P. 17. line 7, "*chyer of grasse*." Qy. does "chyer" mean spire?

—— last line but three, "*clipping*," i. e. embracing, encircling.

P. 19. line 4, "*fere*," i. e. companion.

—— line 7, "*tho*," i. e. then.

—— last line but one, "*ready prest*," i. e. *ready* prepared, provided.

P. 21. line 15, "*kay*," i. e. key.

—— last line but four, "*moe*," i. e. more.

P. 23. line 2, "*would*," i. e. ne would,—would not.

———— "*at all*." Old ed. "at *at all*."

P. 24. line 3, "*make*," i. e. mate.

P. 25. line 6, "*ne*," i. e. nor.

P. 27. last line but 3, "*disease*," i. e. trouble, disturb.

P. 29. line 2, "*Two thousand*." Old ed. "*Two twousand*."
Compare the preceding line.

P. 30. last line but five, "*pursude*." Old ed. "pusude."

P. 35. line 7, "*euery* del." i. e. *every* part.

—— last line but three, "*garboils*," i. e. commotions, tumults.
Coles has, "*A Garboil*, turba, rixa, contentio." *Dict.* In
our authorized version the present passage stands,—
"then was *war* in the gates."

P. 37. line 4, "*fighths*." Old ed. "fight."

P. 43. title, "*xv. Chap.*" Ought to be "*xxv. Chap.*"

P. 45. title, "*xvi. Chap.*" Ought to be "*xxvi. Chap.*"

P. 51. line 10, "*renourne*." Old ed. "*renowme*,"—which,
though a common form of the word in early writers,
must be a misprint here because it is against the rhyme.

P. 58. line 1, "*exercisde*." Old ed. "exrcisde."

P. 64. line 18, "*at all assaies*." This expression, not unfre-
quently found in our old writers, is thus rendered by

Palsgrave, "*En tous poynts, or a tous poynts.*" *Lesclar. de la Lang. Fr.* 1530, fol. cccxxxxviii. (Table of Ad-uerbes); and Horman has, "He is a frende *at all assayes.* *Omnium horarum amicus est.*" *Vulgaria*, sig. x iiii. ed. 1530.

P. 68. last line but two, "*ophirs*," i. e. (as in our authorized version) "stones of Ophir."

